

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ANNOUNCEMENT.
I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the District Court, subject to the decision of the Republican convention to be held August 18th, 1894.
J. H. McCall.

The ladies of Sells Bros. dress all come to the Manhattan shoe store and bought two pairs of shoes each, having heard it was the principal store in the city that kept a large assortment of narrow shoes. The Manhattan shoe store has a large lot of fine shoes in narrow last in A, B, C, D, E, for ladies, children, misses and girls. Ladies' fine front lace in all widths. All fine shoes at greatly reduced prices at the Manhattan shoe store, 329 Douglas avenue.

The best \$1.50 shoes in the city for ladies at the Manhattan shoe store, 329 Douglas avenue.

For that dry feeling there's a cure, sure. The prescription is Wallace's ice cream soda with crushed fruits. One foaming glass 3 times daily. Wallace, the druggist, and soda dispenser, 351 East Douglas.

Try the Tropical Fruit Co. for the best fruits in the land.

Rockwood's celebrated chocolate, 55 cent per pound. Rock Island Grocery, 51-61.

Feed all kinds, wholesale and retail. P. Gould, 505 E. Dotz. Phone 48. 43-11.

Good things to eat at the Lindell hotel.

Go to the Lindell, the best hotel in the city for the price.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.
We wish to state to the public that we have given the sole control and exclusive sale of the celebrated Italy coal for the state of Kansas to the Wichita Coal Company of Wichita, Kansas. This coal can be sold by no other firm. Mr. F. Conn, the manager for said company will not have to ask for orders for this coal after it has been tried—it is without a peer and is a saving to all other coals—a better coal than any in Kansas.

WICHITA COAL COMPANY, Little Rock, Arkansas.

S-T-S 56-11

"Hello, Brown! where do you buy your meat?"

"Well, I'll tell you Jack. I buy them down at the People's meat market. They keep a nice clean market and handle everything in the first meat line."

BARGAIN NO. 2
What a Bargain in Soap.

50 bars soap, 25¢
3 lbs. Rice, 25¢
3 lbs. Soda, 25¢
1 lb. Best Imperial Tea, 25¢
1 Bottle Lemon Extract, 25¢
1 lb. pure baking powder, 25¢
1 Brown, 25¢
2 Sacks Salt, 25¢
1 Gallon Vinegar, 25¢
1 Dozen Parlor Matches, 25¢

All the articles in this bargain list must be bought at these prices.

C. KAUF, Cash Grocer, 51-61.

Three boxes Palmolive soap, 50 cents. Rock Island Grocery.

Everything in our south show window will be on special sale Monday and Tuesday. You will find many things to please you, among them are French harps, genuine imported ones, worth 50c and 40c, at this sale 10c; also ladies' and gents' purses, a fine line of them, and at the price cannot be bought at wholesale. You will find a line of brushes of all kinds. A nice hair brush. The reason we sell these goods at a job lot and at a low figure. We sell at a common profit and are satisfied. Remember, Monday and Tuesday only and the "early bird, etc."

A new line of sample shoes at the Red Front Market, 240 N. Main street, for sale 15 per cent less than any store in the city.

Illustrated lecture by H. J. Barber, at Southwestern Business College, tomorrow night. Free admission. Free will contribution at home and abroad. Admission 5 cents.

Dr. Edward H. Creditor desires to announce to the people that he has decided to make liberal reductions in his prices for all dental work.

For brain, ship, corn, oats and hay. W. F. Fickett 119 W. Douglas.

Some married women don't see the necessity of adhering to that homely adage, "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach." But they make a mistake. Feed your husband well. Feed him on some of the delicacies of our most market. They are wholesome, and we sell them right and also deliver them if necessary.

WATKINS, 228 East Douglas.

Change on Wichita & Western.

Commencing Monday, July 16, Freight Accommodation train No. 431, will depart every other day, except Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, returning Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Change on the Rocky Mountains.

The "Scenic Line of the World," the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, offers to tourists in Colorado, Utah and New Mexico the shortest, the most scenic and the most continental travel the grandest scenery. Double daily train service with through Pullman sleepers and tourist cars between Denver and San Francisco via Los Angeles. For illustrated books address: A. H. Bauer, General Passenger and Ticket agent, Denver.

In the Same Place.

Ethel—Oh, Tom, what a pity it is you are not rich! They say that some of those millionaires don't dare to leave the house for days at a time, because they receive threatening letters saying that something dreadful will happen if they don't pay the writer sums of money.

Tom Hardup—Pooh! Why, I get plenty of just such letters—Harper's Bazar.

Often the Case.

The young man who played by ear had just finished several numbers at the piano.

"If you can play without music," said a musician.

"Oh," responded the youth with evident pride, "I don't know one note from another."

"I thought so," commented the musician, and the silence was extremely pianissimo—Detroit Free Press.

Oil and kerosene on City & Gulf.

5 gallons oil or gasoline, 25¢
1 lb. pure pepper, 25¢
1 pound soda, 25¢

All the articles in this bargain list must be bought at these prices.

C. KAUF, Cash Grocer, 51-61.

Headquarters for flour, sugar, fine coffee, spices, tea, baking powder, fruits and vegetables. Rock Island Grocery, 51-61.

Seven pounds starch 25 cents. Rock Island Grocery.

Headquarters for flour, sugar, fine coffee, spices, tea, baking powder, fruits and vegetables. Rock Island Grocery, 51-61.

We positively agree to make you a first-class cabinet photo, any style, proof shown with each setting, for \$1.00, no extra charge.

BALDWIN & SON, 437-140.

BAKING NO. 3

Oil and kerosene on City & Gulf.

5 gallons oil or gasoline, 25¢
1 lb. pure pepper, 25¢
1 pound soda, 25¢

All the articles in this bargain list must be bought at these prices.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES

ATTENTION, TOPPER & SANTA FE R.R.

THROUGH TRAINS.

ARRIVE LEAVE

TO THE EAST.

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BILL NYE ON WORK

HE GIVES A BEAUTIFUL LOVE STORY IN HIS OWN WORDS.

And Shows How an Englishman Won a Bride Without an Effort and How Her Father Broke the Sad News—Other Inquiries Answered.

(Copyright, 1894, by Edgar W. Nye.)

A number of inquiries lie on my desk this morning and demand some recognition, so I take pen in hand to give them a brief reply.

In the case of Mr. Bracebridge G. Hall, however, I have gone out of my way to supply a short account of an incident of which I happened to have some knowledge, hoping that it might be of service as an illustration, thus teaching a valuable lesson to those who may have a wrong idea of life.

Aggravated Case, Fort Smith, Ark.—Yes, the reason that the rope broke doubtless was on account of the rain. Scientists say that the tensile strength

of a rope is only one-third when wet what it should be when dry, and a greased rope is even weaker. We learned that out west years ago and lots of times had to wait a day or two for dry weather rather than have the rope break, causing a sinking sight.

You also did wrong to use a railroad bridge over the river. In case of accident you and your friends are left to probe 25 miles of river with a pike pole all day in the hot sun while the accused is very likely making a wet trail across the Indian Territory line. Good manilla rope kept dry for that purpose and six feet fall from a cottonwood limb generally yield no opportunity for adverse criticism, while in a plumb prairie country a railroad tie across from one freight car to another gives a good support for the rope. Sometimes you will find serious drawbacks, of course, in these little imprudent affairs, "But love will find a way."

George W. Toplady, Magnolia, La.—Your idea of getting up ahead of the lack such morning is all right if you cannot sleep later than 4 o'clock, but if you desire to arise just in time to get the entire accumulation of miasma for 24 hours as our scientists tell us those who go out early for heaven's sake don't write to the papers about it and make a more colored ass of yourself in public.

When you are down with malarial fever in a year or two from now, of what avail will be all the worms of which you have robbed poor robin red-breast?

You ask if I am at home for the summer and what the fare is from Magnolia to Asheville. In reply let me say that, if you have a notion of coming here to make us a few weeks' visit and brighten up our home life and intend to get up at 4 o'clock and go singing about the house with a heart bubbling over with joy and gladness, I have a watermelon pointed to loaded to the muzzle with things that I have been collecting for years, and the first time you come down at 4 o'clock you will leave a bloody trail the whole length of the stairs from the garret down.

Bracebridge G. Hall of Blaphemia, Ia., writes: "I. Where can I get the most exhaustive treatment, or treatise rather, on the subject of creation, and who is the author?"

"2. What is your idea about the effect of work on refined people? Does it not degrade and coarsen them?"

1. The work you refer to is no doubt a recent one by Rev. Joseph Cook, entitled "A Birdseye View of God."

2. Yes, hard work coarsens the hands, no doubt, and the complexion also, but it is better to work after all, on a salary than in the state penitentiary. It is better to have a hard, coarse palm and honest bread in the house than lily white hands and trousers that are transparent as to the seat.

Much of this twaddle about shunning work because it is degrading and coarsens comes from the old country and is brought here very often by pinfeather Englishmen of the younger son type who come over here to wear out their elder brother's clothes and let their whiskers grow.

Such young men often have a strong hatred of work and have generally been advised by their physicians and tailors to go to America and get married. Sometimes they succeed.

The glorified and inflated west was just deepening into a new twilight, and the eastern hills were in the act of peeling off their ruddy sunset robes for the night when a loosely fitting Englishman might have been seen wending his way in a northwesterly direction regardless of the gathering night. He wore a billowy coat with a Pall Mall Gazette inside the sweatband to make it fit his low and mealy brow, for it was his elder brother's hat. He also rattled round in a suit of his brother's tweed, for the box flat down the back of his Norfolk jacket was almost as broad shouldered as he was.

He was not tall, but lithe and plump in the extreme, with a large, wispy and dewy eye. The other was made by an optician on Old Bond street. His name was Claude Halborn Kessykes, the ninth son of a domesticated brewer who fell in a fit and died with his tongue out when Claude was a little red child, with a very lime nose and large, pale blue English eyes. All the brewery was left to the elder son, and the other eight boys were sent to America to get married.

Claude was a self-made man, but aside from that it was thought that he

had never done anything reprehensible. His parents had toiled, for they knew no better, but he was engaged in trying to overcome the desire in case it should break out on him. His success thus far had been phenomenal.

His pantaloons were worn flowing in the leg and glossy across the rear breadth, 24 that he had done thus far in life had been in the ordinary line. He was proud of the fact that his hands had never been hardened by low, coarse toil, and that he did not know how to harness a horse or even milk a cow. Had he been cast away on a desert island, with no one near him but a milk cow, he would have been obliged to tackle the maternal fount in the same way that the calf on the other side did. There would be no udder way.—Punch.

Some had claimed that his brain had been injured by a fall when he was little. It was not noticed, however, while he remained in England.

Claude had the air of one who has sucked the juice all out of life and flung the collapsed rind upon the bosom of the storm-tossed sea. On the rugged banks of life he stood, with hammy, mien, and pitied people who went on year after year paying their bills and thinking thoughts.

Oh, how hollow and bitter was his existence! How sorry he felt for those who wore American shoes while he dressed up every day in waterproof cowhides made on Regent street and constructed as to prevent rattlesnake bites at American tea parties.

As he stood leaning against a fence, feeling a strange yearning for something more definite, he looked down at his own shoes, which had legs to them laced up on the instep and smelling like an old innery. He noted their shapeliness and "pussy" appearance, their sag in the center and their wide, overfed, and choked aspect. He felt of his youngest pimple and looked far away toward England, whither he would go as soon as he got married and began to get an allowance from her father.

Not far away in the brilliantly lighted bay window of a hotel a young person is standing, idly drumming on the pane as she looks out into the starry night. She is not neglecting her work, however, for she has none.

She was born to be loved and has hardly been out of a job during her lifetime. She is sort of grass widow raised to the third degree. Her father was made suddenly rich by the discovery of natural gas under his farm. She, Claude, dislikes those who swop perspiration for bread. Look at her father. He worked, and now at the age of 85 he is an old man.

She will take warning and shun the mad maelstrom in which her wrecked father lies. She shudders as she thinks of it. She also recoils. It costs her an effort, but she recoils. She then stands on the other foot while as she peers out through the gloaming, her brow is low, but as she gradually sings off her pyrotechnic hair with a single pencil her forehead grows wider and more intelligent. Her hair is caught back mostly in an inflamed doughnut at the rear of her head and held in place by means of a tin dagger.

Her throat is long and flexible, and the poise of her head, which she wears at the top of her long swanlike neck, is first rate.

The air is one of disdain.

She has been on the eve of marriage seven or eight times.

But Claude does not know it.

She has a hangover way of taking out her gum and sticking it against the ceiling, which reminds one of a duchess in high spirits.

She now changes back to the other foot and looks out yearningly through

"VIOLET, ARE YOU MARRIED AGAIN?"

the gathering night. Her attitude is one that a painter might study for weeks if he wanted to.

Her dress is cut so as to give the spectator no cause for complaint, yet so as to flatter her figure. She has had all the refining influences of a year in Fort Dodge, Ia., and the native of the Pennsylvania oil region.

The night has almost instantly grown intensely dark.

The wind is something through the darkness, and the trees are tossing their exposed limbs around like a divertsment.

Here and there the wind tosses about in wild eddies the dead leaves of a forgotten June or seeks out the man whose wife gave his underwear to Mr. Covey last summer.

"And will he never come?" murmurs the girl as she sits on one of her feet in a large easy chair, as though bent on watching out some more feet.

Did some one fall over something?

Yes, it was Claude. He did not have his monocle on, and he has fallen into the fountain.

The blue he is out again and at the door. The young heiress goes to meet him. They gaze into each other's eyes earnestly as though in search of something, but all is vacancy.

It is what they expected.

She runs and gets him a pair of dry trousers.

They belong to her father.

For some little time they sit and look at each other.

She and Claude, I mean.

Then she says: "Claude, we are to be married at 9 o'clock. Would you like a little something to eat first?"

He said, "By all means," and she struck the table lightly with which stood times with a piece of board, which stood near, as a signal to a servant, who brought in a cold joint. Claude had unfortunately said once that he fixed a cold joint.

"It was a cold, enlarged joint, and there was nothing to prevent a good view of it."

The justice of the peace now appeared and united the two.

Claude did not know that his wife had been talked about a good deal. He could not have believed that this slight, quiet girl of 30 had been a correspondent.

As he looked at her admiringly he could hardly believe that this treasure was his with so little effort, for he had hardly seemed to raise a hand to bring about his marriage. As he toyed with her dainty scissors, slyly trimming the fringe from the edges of his cuffs, he felt that his mission to America had been accomplished.

Just then her father came in.

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